

APRIL
and
SEPTEMBER
Are Our
"BEGGING"
MONTHS

(THIS IS
SEPTEMBER)

RESTORATION

COULD WE
BEG
AN ALMS
OF
A PRAYER
A PENNY
A POSTAL
MONEY ORDER
A PERSONAL
CHEQUE?

VOL. IX.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—SEPTEMBER, 1956

No. 9.

CHRIST STANDS IN LINE FOR YOUR OLD SHOES

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta. — The needs, the dreadful and dire needs of God's poor cry out to us. Food . . . clothing . . . shelter — these needs we can alleviate a little. But only a little. Human understanding, Christ-like love — these are pressing and urgent requirements.

The numbers of "those who will not see" are growing to such proportions that they resemble an enormous cloud shutting out the light of Christ in the world.

There is another dusk-like cloud which rises high above the first. This is the group that sees but does not care.

Send Us Shoes

Food and clothing are necessary. And shelter from below-zero temperature and biting winds, or from the heat of the sun. Food, with the help of God, we have always, so far, been able to provide to those who come to us. Clothing, unfortunately, not so. Frequently the shelves in our clothing room take on the appearance of Mother Hubbard's Cupboard.

Men's shoes, trousers and shirts are the most needed items. We also need medical supplies, bandages, and ointment to help heal the blistered feet of Christ since we can find no shoes to fit Him.

For a whole year now, we have been trying to get permission from the City to erect a building, and from our friends the cash to put the building up. We hope to erect some sort of shelter before next winter, so that Christ in His poor will not be forced to wait outside in 40 below zero weather, to get the wherewithal to keep body and soul together.

We appeal to you as among those who do see, and are not living in the cloud of dusk, to send up prayers through the hands of Our Lady, that God's light may break through the mass of darkness.

Pity The Slaves

You who are the Light of the World, let me tell you more of the market place slaves. Children curse them on the streets. Police are called at the mere sight of them. People cross the street rather than meet them, looking back with snickers and whispers. These men help in the salvation of the world; for they go through the passion of Christ.

Tragedy walks our streets in the form of broken men, sick in body, mind, and soul. Have you ever seen a lame man, who has fallen, try to rise by himself? In the attempt he may often fall again. He finally stands erect. But usually it is necessary for him to hang on to some sort of support before he succeeds. If however, he has someone to help him, he is up and about in no time.

Through the grace of God we have been chosen to help the lame. But we still need "the strong arm" of a building to do it with.

Men are gathering outside now — waiting for us to open and serve the afternoon meal. And I

remember Lloyd.

Saga of Lloyd

Lloyd was an alcoholic who came to us last fall. One day we were offered as many potatoes as we could dig and take away. I explained the situation to the men present. A few offered to do the work or us. Three had been drinking heavily. Lloyd was one of them. They left about ten o'clock in the morning. With the sun pouring down on them, they endured not only the unsatisfied craving for liquor but also the natural thirst for something cool to drink. When they came back at night they gulped huge quantities of water.

For two more days they picked potatoes for us. Also they determined to stop drinking. Lloyd got himself a job, and we did not see him until about a month ago. He had been forced to quit work. He was sick. His winter earnings were almost all used up but he still had a room.

A Fine Man

I only saw him once after that, and I didn't know then that our hellos to each other were really goodbyes.

Shortly after this he dropped dead on the street.

Although we had never seen too much of him, he had made a place for himself in our hearts.

We think of him often and pray for the repose of his soul. He, like so many others of these unfortunates, was a very fine man!

As to the other two who picked potatoes for us, one is working for a road construction company. He comes to see us when he is in town. The other has a job helping to rehabilitate other alcoholics.

Whatever you do for the least of these, His brethren, you do, remember, for Him.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By
Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Maker of all things, I love You so little; You love me so much! You do so much for me; I do so little for You.

Today I am confused, and somewhat shy; for it has occurred to me that You are not only my Lord, my God, my Love, and my radiant Joy, but that You are also my assignment!

Some newspapermen cover the water front, some the city hall. Some cover Washington, D.C. Some cover London or Paris, or all Europe. It seems that I cover God! I cover God, and I am covered with humility and confusion at the thought. Yet the thought persists.

Immaculate

It began with the three perfect mushrooms. To me a perfect mushroom is one fresh from Your hand. Firm, beautiful, and untouched by insects or by worms. At first it was merely pleasure and exercise to hunt these lovely things. Then it became something of an exacting task. I felt like a trapper who must visit his trap lines every day. And I felt I must search each clump of poplars thoroughly whenever I visited them.

Edith inspired me. You know the incident. I tell it for the benefit of those reading "over Your shoulder." Edith worked all day in the hot sun, putting up choke cherry jelly. Somebody asked her, in the evening, if she weren't tired. "Why," she exclaimed in amazement, "work is prayer!"

So, hunting mushrooms, and

FOR BROTHER SUN, WE THANK THEE, LORD.



The man with the hoe, Visiting Volunteer Gaspar "Gus" Marrone, (Massachusetts), pauses to rest—so he may work the harder. "Gus" and others at Madonna House helped to produce 520 quarts of berries this summer, 124 quarts of vegetables (canned), 165 quarts of pickles, and 300 jars of jellies and jams. So now let it snow!

doing it the hard way, became prayer to me. Then I noticed that I talked to You as my old flat went up and down, over deadfalls, around ground-hog holes, and across hidden rocks. And that You talked to me!

All my life I have known thrills, Lord. Once I was thrilled by kissing a new girl in the neighborhood, or fighting a new boy. I fought for the sheer love of fighting; and the more boys I fought the better I liked it.

A Thrill A Day

Lord, Lord, I haven't had a fight in forty years or so!

Then I went to work for newspapers and magazines and learned a new sort of thrills. Far places. Big stories. Journeys by train, plane, or ship. The writing of news. And the watching of news as it was made.

Walking in Your woods the other day I recalled the January night in 1950, when, with Bill White of Emporia, Kansas, and a patrol of Finnish soldiers armed with the most murderous weapons, I walked through the snow-filled woods between the Russian and Finnish front lines. I had reached a spot seldom reached by war correspondents, but I was neither too elated nor too thrilled.

All I could think of was that my boots and my underwear were too heavy by half a ton, and that I seemed to be in the middle of a KuKluxKlan raid. We all had on those white Finnish robes and hoods. I was tired and wanted to go somewhere, take a good strong drink of whisky, and sleep 'til morning. I thought "I'm too old for this sort of kings; this is for boys."

Immaculate

But in Your woods here in Combermere the other day I pushed aside a bank of tall fiddle-head ferns and found a perfect mushroom. I knew it was perfect even before I slashed its lovely neck. Sure enough, it had never known the blemish of ant or worm or bug.

And I was so thrilled I couldn't understand it! War was never like this!

(Continued on Page Four)

LIFE IN THE YUKON IS ALMOST NEVER DULL

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — It is a feast day and a holiday. It is a week-end of much activity in the Yukon. As in the "Outside" world, families travel long distances on fishing expeditions. Various organizations in town are sponsoring picnics and outings for children. The general idea is to go some place away from home to spend this long week-end. The weather isn't so bad either when you consider that only yesterday the furnace took a little chill off the house.

There is another side to this week-end in our Vicariate. Twentyfour members of the C.Y.O., with their tents, sleeping bags and "grub," left for their annual retreat at Burwash, one hundred and ninety miles from here. Fr. Eugene Cullinane went along with the group for he was the retreat master. Yesterday morning Ma Mere and Sr. Ernest of the Little Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph and Sr. Louis Pierre of the Sisters of Providence left for Lower Post, B.C., where they will begin their annual ten-day retreat. Many delegates and members of the three local branches of the C.W.L., accompanied by their Vicarial Director, Fr. James Lynch, and Mrs. Marjorie Freeman, National President of C.W.L. in Canada, left for their annual convention in Dawson City.

Mamie Remembers

I am alone except for an Indian family in our hostel — and I am in a reminiscing mood.

There was Francoise's visit. You all know that Francoise de Castro is one of the staff workers at Marian Centre in Edmonton. Well, the Tukes, friends of ours in Edmonton, had business in Whitehorse. They would make the round trip by car in one week—they had room for one passenger. So Francoise came — unexpectedly of course — but what a treat it was to see her!

For three days, the duration of her visit, we did a minimum of work and a maximum of talking.

Then exactly two years after our departure for the Yukon, on May 3, Fr. Cullinane arrived at Maryhouse to be our resident chaplain. The ideal in our Friendship House Apostolate of clergy, lay men and lay women working together, is to have a priest around where he can be seen and is always available. That has certainly materialized here.

If you could say there was a lull in our work, it happened during the summer. It wasn't exactly a respite, but it was a time when we concentrated on the little things we have procrastinated about for the past year — so there was plenty to do.

The staff holidays came at this period too, so the pair who were on duty while the other recreated had a full-time job.

St. Joseph's Overdraft

Bishop Coudert bought a barracks building, 66' x 20', for us. I bought the lot Louie's shack is located on. We moved the shack to a corner of the lot and will eventually demolish it.

A part basement has been excavated for the barracks, and the building will be moved eight blocks by tractor and low-boy and set on its new foundation. The building will be called St. Joseph's and will be the living quarters of our chaplain, male staffers, male transients, and high school Indian boys.

The financing of this project is being left in the hands of the great carpenter, St. Joseph. So far he has an overdraft of two thousand dollars to attend to.

We had another pleasant surprise in June. Marie Langlois of the staff at Marian Centre had a two weeks' vacation. She arrived here in time to celebrate the second anniversary of our foundation. Her holidays passed much too quickly, and we enjoyed them as much as she.

On a May evening as I was going home from Benediction in the pro-cathedral I noticed a tall, poorly clad, long bearded man wandering along the street. I wanted to go up to him and say, "Come to Maryhouse where we will feed, clothe, and give you a bed." But I refrained. A few min-

utes after I reached home he knocked on our door.

They Come—They Go

In a short time he was indulging in some food — the first he had had in two days. As he ate he talked. He had travelled much. His last job had been prospecting in the north. It wasn't successful. He had sold his geiger counter, then his sleeping bag, and finally his parka.

A week later he got work but continued to visit us. On one of these visits he asked Fr. Gene to instruct him in the Catholic religion. Father agreed. Then John got another job far away.

That wasn't too serious an obstacle, because as John said, he could read and study a lot during the summer, and when he returned to Whitehorse in September he could resume his classes in religion. In three weeks he had left that job and was back in town. Restless? Yes. Still interested in religion? Yes.

Then one morning he came for his pack-sack. He was going to work for the Forestry Department. I found out afterwards that he didn't go there at all. We have no idea of his whereabouts but we follow him in our daily prayers and ask God to give him that peace of soul that apparently is lacking.

About the same time a young couple, Joan and Pete, came to our place. They had married recently and hitch-hiked north from some west coast village. Their luggage consisted of a package of tobacco. Pete got a good job. The same day, with the help of one of our neighbors, they were able to rent a very comfortable house. We provided them with everything for house-keeping, plus some money for food until Pete got his first cheque. They immediately wanted to take instructions in the Catholic religion. Apparently all was going well. Then suddenly two weeks later, I received a brief note from Pete. He thanked us for all we had done for them, said Joan had left him, and intimated his intention of committing suicide!

And A Few Stay

An hour after Pete and Joan's arrival, an eighteen year old girl who had hitch-hiked across Canada with her dog, knocked on the door and asked if she could get a reasonably cheap room in our house. She had only a few dollars left. She was the most unspoiled and thoughtful teen-ager you could meet. She was from a broken home and wanted to get as far away from it as possible.

Two days later she got a job as waitress in a restaurant. I just couldn't let her leave the sheltering arms of Maryhouse so invited her to stay with us for the time being. My intention was to get a ride to Ontario for her, and in the meantime she could work and get enough money for meals and lodging for the trip. She agreed to do that — but she suddenly became interested in a man named David, a frequent guest at the restaurant. The idea of leaving Whitehorse was out.

In our work we see a mixture of the spiritual and the materialistic, stability and instability, peace and restlessness. I often wonder where it will all end. Yet, isn't it consoling to think that we have the chance to help the troubled, the lonely, the wandering? Christ's own words, "So long as you have done it to the least of My brethren, you have done it to Me," are words I often meditate on. And I thank Him for giving us the chance to soothe Him in His poor and needy.

MRS ALFRED LEGRIS
DACE, ONT

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Combermere, Ontario, Canada

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
DIANE ZDUNICH Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

WHAT IS PAIN? WHAT IS SORROW?

WHY HAVE THEY BEEN ALLOWED INTO THIS WORLD?

How few of us today know the simple answers to these questions asked everywhere by everyone almost constantly. The answers are plain for the eyes of Faith to see clearly. But alas faith is dying, or has died in so many souls and minds that life has lost all sense. It has become a jungle of confusion, for it has divorced itself from its very source—GOD.

Pain and sorrow first and foremost are of our doing. We brought them upon ourselves. Our first parents did. By disobedience to God's commandment.

Until the coming of Christ, pain and sorrow were the human race's way of penance and atonement. They still are — if properly understood and accepted.

But from the moment of Christ's death on the Cross, they have become so much more! They have become blessed. They are songs of joy, hymns of gladness, coins of heaven that can change the face of the earth.

FOR NOW PAIN AND SORROW ARE THE INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS OF LOVE. THEY ARE ITS NOVICE MASTERS THAT LEAD IT UP . . . UP . . . UNTO THE HILL OF THE SKULLS TO A WOODEN CRUCIFIX . . . THERE TO BEHOLD LOVE INCARNATE WHO IS A PERSON . . . AND WHO WORDLESSLY SHOWS US HOW TO LOVE . . . FOR GREATER LOVE HAS NO MAN THAN HE WHO LAYS DOWN HIS LIFE FOR A FRIEND.

To love is to be as familiar with pain and sorrow as with one's own face. But it is also to walk in the splendor of such joy and gladness as will enable us to bear ALL PAIN, ALL SORROWS FOR THE BELOVED.

Deep and far reaching are the lessons of pain and sorrow, in which love grows and becomes cruciform, unpossessive, giving itself in total and utter surrender, asking but for one thing — GREATER LOVE.

Slow is the learning. Perhaps it begins with the strange hunger for one-ness, known to all who love in any shape or form. To man and wife. To parents. To lovers. To friends.

Slowly pain and sorrow teach that this one-ness can be achieved only through God, in God, and for God, that all true love must rest in Him and never make a god of any other creature, and that human love is but a way to the absolute, the ultimate love of God.

Slow is man to learn this fundamental lesson. For all of us want to possess completely the object of our love. It cannot be done this side of heaven. We and our love belong to God. And he is a jealous Lover.

Unless we love Him, and remember that He is the final end of our love, we shall not fulfill our destiny, the fullness of love, THE BEATIFIC VISION FOR WHICH WE WERE CREATED — HIMSELF.

Pain and sorrow are teachers of this stupendous transcendent truth.

Pain and sorrow are also teachers of detachment and abandonment to His most divine will. They take away all tinsel, all illusions which the world, the flesh, and the devil dangle before our spiritual eyes. They make us "see" our true goal. They give us God's SIGHT on life and death. They show us His set of values against our human ones. And in doing so they bring joy unsurpassed. Peace incomprehensible. Happiness overflowing. Wisdom incomparable. And the tranquility of God's perfect order.

They do more. They show us the price He paid for our redemption, and the ways we can offer our suffering to Him for the extension of His love — His kingdom.

When we finally understand that they are gentle guides to the very depths of His heart, WHERE ALONE WE CAN FIND WHAT WE SEEK, then—lo—they leave us as softly as they came, in the arms of PERFECT LOVE THAT CASTETH OUT ALL FEARS!

THEN WE FIND OUT THAT SORROW AND PAIN ARE, IN TRUTH, JOY AND GLADNESS! THEN OUR WEARY HEARTS BECOME YOUNG IN THE ETERNAL LIGHT, AND OUR LIPS SING A CONTINUAL ALLELUIA.

THEN THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS ALREADY OURS.



Eddies Of 1956

By
Eddie Doherty

If you live in the United States and you have any old Catholic magazines, pamphlets and holy cards — or new ones, for that matter — that you wish to get rid of, send them to my sisters Kathleen and Eileen Doherty, at 2604 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If you live in Chicago you could bring, or send, them to the house. Just leave them in the front hall. (Sometimes that hall is so jammed with packages of magazines no one can get in or out without a lot of effort.)

Water In A Desert

Some months ago my sisters read in some Catholic paper that there were people who wanted these cast-off periodicals — people in hospitals and jails, people in missionary lands, especially India and Africa and the far east.

Catholic literature to those people, it seems, is like water to people living in the desert. You remember the story of the Arab who was visiting France? One day he saw a stream gushing out of the side of a rock. He waited all day to see how long it would be permitted to run. He could not understand why nobody shut it off. Did they not know, in this benighted land, how precious, and how rare, the water was? Somebody told him that stream had been running for thousands of years just like that — but of course he believed that was a lie.

My sisters collected some bundles of old pamphlets and magazines, got a list of people who wanted them, and mailed them out. They began to get letters from prisoners — who told of how they had thrilled other prisoners with Catholic articles and stories — from patients in sick wards who had learned resignation, and the love of God, from things they read — and from missionaries who told what fertile soil this "wasted water" made in their far-off parishes and missions.

Careful. Women At Work

The apostolate grew. Recently I saw how it functioned.

Thirty or more women came to the house in North Sawyer avenue one Monday night. It was about eight o'clock. Little time was wasted in greetings or chatter. The women were young, middle-aged, elderly. But they were all of one mind, one purpose.

Some went immediately into the basement, where thousands of periodicals are kept on new-made shelves — a lot of things had to be done to that basement to make it available for this work — and where large stacks of large brown envelopes lay awaiting them.

Each of these envelopes had been typed with the address and name of the person to whom the magazines were going, and also with the address of the apostolate — "The Marian Press Center, 2604 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago."

Quickly and nimbly the women selected the publications to be sent. Some they folded across, that they might carefully wrap smaller magazines. Some were put this way, some that.

The point is that everything was chosen, arranged, and put into the various envelopes, in a very few moments. Everybody was cheerful. Everybody was smiling. Some were singing a snatch of a hymn, or a few words of a popular song. Some were ragging each other. But there was no gossip, no arguments, no stopping in the work.

They Need Help

Somebody took the filled envelopes upstairs and placed them — a lot of them at a time — on a long table where other women sat and talked and sang and worked. Here the envelopes were carefully weighed. They must not exceed a certain number of pounds and ounces. Once they were weighed they were marked and sealed. Then each must be stamped. Each must also be tied properly. Finally each was put into a heap on the floor. Then somebody took them from the heap and put them into a series of shopping bags.

Each shopping bag held so many envelopes, five, six, seven or more, depending on the size of the bag. Frequently a woman had to have help to lift one of those filled bags.

Forty or fifty shopping bags were filled before I realized it. Somebody brought more bags. The work went on, the gagging, the snatches of song, the weighing, the stamping, the tying, the bagging. More bags were needed, and more, and still more.

Pity the P.O. Clerks

By the time the work was through there were enough shopping bags, each bulging with its contents, to fill a good sized room.

Presently these bags would be carried out to the automobiles parked in the street.

Some of the women own their own cars — and a number of these live fifteen or twenty miles away, or even farther. They took all they could carry, to their cars. On the following day they would deliver the stuff to the nearest post office.

As I watched — and listened — those thirty or more women sorted, packaged, weighed, tied, and got ready for mailing close to one thousand pounds, half a ton, Catholic Digests, Novena Notes, Ages of Mary, Signs, Extensions, Sacred Heart Messengers, and many other publications. The next day these would start to more than two hundred different destinations. They would go all over the world.

Incidentally, the girls are eager to get publications devoted especially to priests and nuns. For instance Sponsae Revis, Review for Religions, and The Priest.

The work costs about \$100 a month, for envelopes and postage stamps. Each of the women contributes \$1 a month toward this expense. They not only come and work; they also pay for the privilege. The rest of it — perhaps the family takes care of that. I don't know.

Maybe you'd like to chip in a dime or two, as well as rid yourself of magazines and papers that are merely cluttering up your house, but which would be more than welcome elsewhere. I don't imagine anybody in the family would object to that. Why should they deny you the right to help? Anyway, try it and see. If they don't like it, they can send the money back to you. Fair enough? God bless you.

THE B'S CORNER

Another summer school completed! How good God is! This year especially we were allowed the great joy of seeing our preparations bring fruit. For we had two family weeks instead of one, and our reward was great.

To see the tired face of a young weary mother become rested, relaxed, sunburned and once more full of life! To watch the effect of the lectures given by experienced priests and lay folks take hold of mothers and fathers! To observe new friendships being formed among the whole group, and new hope born in human souls, is a gift that repays all our efforts a thousand times with a measure truly pressed down and overflowing.

It all started in 1948, with a chance remark of our good Bishop, who thought our location was ideal for just such an experiment, and that Summer Schools of Catholic Action were needed everywhere.

In Tent and Intense

That first year brought us some thirty or more young people from the United States and Canada. Single people, interested in Catholic Action in general. It was all most informal. I was then chief cook and bottle washer, gardener, lecturer, etc., etc. The guests slept in our original six-roomed Madonna House, which now is quite a big establishment, and in a cottage we had built nearby. The boys slept in a tent someone donated. All shared in the work and prayer life. It was quite simple. (We called the tent "St. Paul's outside the Walls.")

Wasn't St. Paul a tent-maker? Today, as we close our eighth Summer School it is hard to believe it grew so much. Now the School has six definite sessions. Beginning ALWAYS on the first Monday of July and ending six weeks later, it opens with a general theme. First week, CATHOLIC ACTION, ITS FOUNDATIONS, PRINCIPLES AND GOALS. Second week, THE MASS LIVED, without which Catholicism can not truly exist. The third week, MARY, THE GATE TO CHRIST. Our Lady is the Patroness of Catholic Action of the Laity. Wasn't she a Lay woman par excellence? The fourth week, the SOCIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CHURCH, with the field and techniques of application of Catholic Action which is always social action. These four weeks are reserved for single people or childless married men and women.

Daddies and Dides

Then follow the two last weeks, RESTORING THE HOME TO CHRIST. These are exclusively for parents WITH CHILDREN. During this time we of Madonna House concentrate on giving THE PARENTS freedom, peace, and quiet, to absorb the lectures and discussions fully, and to enjoy each other. We take charge of the children completely unto diaper and formula services, taking the older children to picnics and other interesting events.

There are two lectures a day from Monday to Friday inclusive, given by a specially invited priest, a specialist in the subject at hand. Three times a week a seminar is held by experienced lay people. Discussions are often lively and interesting. The balance of the week — two evenings of it — are given over to song fests and square dancing.

A simple program, yet getting more popular every year. Our family weeks are already booked solidly for 1957. IF YOU are interested in one, write NOW for 1958, or for 1957's possible cancellations. Single people too would be well advised to book their registrations NOW, a year ahead, for the four weeks open to them. We were "at capacity" this summer, and already many bookings have been made for next year.

Begin with Mass

To say this is a vacation is to be truthful. Yet the word "vacation," in our case, needs a new definition. A vacation is a recreation, a change of pace and of mode of life, a relaxation. We do not offer the sort of vacation people usually think about — with long sleep-ins in the morning, rests in the afternoon, etc. No. At Madonna House we invite those interested in God and the things of God to share our life of work and prayer.

There is Mass to offer at 7.30 a.m., followed by Prime, the official morning prayer of the Church. There are chores to do, dishes to wash, lectures to attend, berries to pick. But there is much peace in reciting the Rosary after dinner, in praying together the official evening prayer of the Church, Compline, and in discussing ways and means of loving God daily more and more. There is fun in dancing, swimming, singing, and long walks through cool woods.

Because our living conditions are somewhat primitive (outdoor toilets, and dormitory style living), we suggest that people in the older age brackets make quite sure they "can take it." If not, let them advise us to the effect, and we can make special arrangements at nearby lodges, and comfy summer resorts. They can come to Madonna House for lectures.

We do not accept anyone under eighteen years, as the whole program is geared to a more mature group. Women and men both are welcome. Seminarians and Sisters interested in studying Catholic Action are also most welcome.

This is a good time to plan for next year's vacation. Why not write for a fully explanatory pamphlet now?

COMBERMERE DIARY

During the past Summer School we again had the wonderful privilege of receiving Communion under both species, when two Ukrainian priests, who were visiting us, said Mass in the Ruthenian Rite: Father Dzurman and Father Boley.

Theresa Davis and Anne Hird Larkin were received as Carmelite Tertiaries during the Summer, and Mary Leeney made her Oblation as a Benedictine.

We have been reveling again in first-hand stories of the Yukon and the work that Maryhouse is doing there — straight from the lips of the Directress, Mamie Legris, who spent some time with us in August and September.

On August 15th the ranks of the Staff Workers were swelled by four young men and five young women who made their first promises of stability, and simply promised to live a life of poverty, chastity and obedience.

You thought that you and your families have it tough — or maybe you think it is a break — that the children are back at school. So are we back in school. Our short course for the Fall began after Our Lady's birthday on September 8th, which is also an Acceptance Day for new Staff Worker Applicants. It will continue until December 1st. However, the nice thing about our Training Course is that there are no examinations. Happy School Days!

All Men Are Brothers

The Holy Eucharist embraces all men of all races, tongues, and nations. It distinguishes not between Jew and Gentile, barbarian and Scythian, slave and free. In all it sees only souls.

Jose Guadalupe Trevino
—The Holy Eucharist.

Gas, Oil, Layettes Etc.

We spent something like \$3,000 in Madonna House during the last fiscal year for gas, oil, motor repairs, and layettes. It wasn't our money. It was donated to us.

A knock on our door late at night. Or the sharp ringing of the phone. An automobile accident somewhere nearby (fifty miles is not too far to wake us). Some woman in labor — and the roads clogged by snow or fallen trees — and no doctor available. We wake a nurse and a driver, turn a station wagon into an ambulance, and hurry some man or woman or child to a distant hospital.

What Price A Life?

We saved a few lives; we helped bring a few children into the world; we helped a lot of people in pain; we equipped dozens of mothers and babies living in the tar-paper shacks in this freezing northland — providing good food, often, as well as layettes.

We ran out of cash doing it — your cash, perhaps. But we keep on doing it, trusting you will help us again. Our nurses and drivers and baby-sitters and other helpers do not charge any fees. They work for love of God and neighbor. But they've got to eat too. We need you, or we starve. We need you as the poor of the district need us. If you fail us, we will fail them. We will fail God.

We spent about \$1,000 on new books for the library, and on postage. We mail books to people in all parts of Canada. They pay \$1 a year, and mail the books back without any cost to them. You don't think that is anything until you get a letter from some forgotten snow-bound cross-roads, telling you how eagerly the books were welcomed and how they helped to spread the Faith. There are no missionaries in some of those towns. Books take their place. It was your money we spent; money given us, at least. But that's gone too. And we need more.

What Price Faith?

What's it worth to keep the Faith alive in remote neglected regions? Christ in the printed word — must we keep Him away from the far-off poor? You say.

We spent a lot of money on other things, other charities. We spent it willingly, but carefully. It wasn't ours. It was yours. It was God's. And it's gone. We need more. Will you give it to God, through us?

We need clothing too, all kinds, for all kinds of human beings. If you could see how terribly some people need the clothes you send us — or know how tremendously grateful they are to you, and to God — or understand the change warm garments, good shoes, and gay accessories make in the people who come to us — you'd try to keep our clothing room stocked.

We've given away tons of clothing, all of which we have begged. (We wear second-hand clothes ourselves.) But we need more. We need tons more. We need remnants too, left-overs of wool, threads, all kinds of notions, sheets — torn or untor — nylon stockings out of your ragbag, cupless saucers, saucerless cups. We need dolls.

What Price Joy?

Did you ever see a skinny little girl mothering a clumsy wooden doll? You might see it here. Wood is the only thing around here that is cheap. Many a father tries to carve a doll for his little girl. He can't buy one. And usually he can't carve a good one either.

We need toys. Let them be cheap, if you wish. Let them be expensive, if you can afford it. But the children must have them. We need soap too, and toothbrushes, tooth paste, wash cloths, costume jewelry, pencils, coloring books, mitts, scarfs, hankies, belts, games, candies, hot water bottles, warm shawls, heavy socks, and everything else you can think of.

We need anything and everything you can do without. We need cash more than anything, though. Without it we cannot carry on our work, God's work. We need cash, and we need you! Please make cheques payable to "Madonna House," and send all gifts to us at Combermere, Ont. Express should come by Canadian National R.R., via Barry's Bay, Ontario. It might be well to mark it "For Charity." God bless you!

The Secret of Mary

(Concluded)

God Was Her Fruit

The fruitful virgin produces, in the soul wherein she dwells, purity of heart and body, purity of intention and of purpose, and fruitfulness in good works.

She is the most fruitful of all pure creatures. Even God was the fruit of her immaculate womb. Do you think she remains idle in a faithful soul?

She will cause Jesus to live in that soul. And she will cause the soul to live in constant union with Jesus. You remember St. Paul's words? — "My dear children, with whom I am in labor again until Christ is formed in you."

If Jesus is the fruit of Mary in each individual soul, as well as in all souls in general, He is most particularly her fruit, and her masterpiece, in the soul in which she dwells.

As a matter of fact, Mary becomes everything to that soul in the service of Jesus. The mind will be enlightened by Mary's pure faith. The heart will be deepened by Mary's humility. It will be dilated and inflamed by her charity, cleansed by her purity, made noble and great by her motherly care.

Only experience can teach you the wonders wrought by Mary, wonders so great that few can believe them, even among the wise and the devout!

The Second Coming

It was through Mary that God came to the world, the first time. May we not say it is through her He will come the second time, as the whole Church expects, to rule everywhere and to judge the living and the dead?

Who knows how and when that will be accomplished?

I do know that God, Whose thoughts are as far from ours as heaven is from earth, will come in a time, and in a manner, that men least expect.

We should also believe that toward the end of time, and perhaps sooner than we think, God will raise up great men and women, people full of the Holy Ghost and imbued with the spirit of Mary. Through them He will work such wonders as to destroy sin and to establish the kingdom of Jesus Christ, Mary's Son, upon the ruins of this corrupt world.

And these holy ones will succeed by means of this True Devotion to Christ's mother!

The Day of Days

Besides the interior practice of this devotion there are exterior practices which must not be omitted nor neglected.

The first is to choose a special feast day on which to consecrate ourselves as the slaves of Jesus, in and through Mary. On this day we should receive Holy Communion for that intention and spend the day in prayer. And, at least once a year — preferably on the same feast day — we should renew the act of consecration.

The second is to pay to Our Lady, every year on this chosen day, some little tribute as a token of our love, our servitude and our dependence. This tribute may be an act of mortification, an alms, a pilgrimage, some special prayers. If we give but little as our tribute, let us offer it with a humble and grateful heart, and with much love.

The third practice is to celebrate the feast of the Annunciation with special devotion every year. This feast, established that we might honor and imitate the dependence in which the Eternal Word placed Himself on that day, for love of us, is the patronal feast of True Devotion.

Prayers Of Love

The fourth practice is to say every day the Little Crown of the Blessed Virgin, which is composed of three Our Fathers and twelve Hail Mary's; also often to recite the Magnificat, which is the only hymn composed by Mary that we possess. We should recite this to thank God for His graces in the past, and to beg of Him fresh blessings for the present. Above all we should not fail to say this hymn in thanksgiving after Holy Communion.

The learned Gerson tells us Our Lady herself was wont to recite it after Communion!

If we do fail to say the Little Crown daily, however, or fail to recite the Magnificat as often as we should, let not this failure be considered sinful.

Beloved Chosen Soul, if you have understood, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, what I have tried to explain, be thankful to God; for it is a secret understood by only a few.

Mary, Our Pearl

If you have found the treasure hidden in the field of Mary, the precious pearl of the Gospel, sell all you have and buy it. You must make the sacrifice of yourself to the Blessed Mother. You must disappear in her, that you may find God alone.

If the Holy Ghost has planted the true Tree of Life in your soul — the devotion I have outlined — you must do all you can to cultivate it, that it may yield its fruit in due season.

True Devotion is like the mustard seed of Scripture "which is the least indeed of all seeds, but when it is grown up is greater than all herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air (that is, the chosen souls) come and dwell in the branches thereof," rest in its shade from the heat of the sun, and hide in safety from the beasts of prey.

A Heavenly Tree

This is the way to cultivate the Tree:

Once planted in a faithful heart, the Tree requires the open air and freedom from all human support. Being heavenly, it must be kept free of any creatures that might prevent it from lifting itself to God, in Whom its origin lies. Hence we must not rely on our own skill, our natural talents, our reputation, or the protection of men. We must have recourse to Mary and rely on her help alone.

He in whose soul the Tree is rooted must, like a good gardener, constantly watch over it and tend it; for it is a Tree that has life, and is capable of yielding the fruit of life. Therefore it must be cultivated and raised by the steady care of the soul. The soul that would become perfect will make this its chief aim and occupation.

Whatever is likely to choke the Tree, or prevent it from yielding its fruit, must be cut away or rooted out. This means we must mortify ourselves, do violence to ourselves, suppress and renounce all useless pleasures and vain intercourse with creatures. We must crucify the flesh, keep recollected, and mortify our senses.

Beware Of Pests

We must also guard against the insect pests that might harm the Tree — such as self-love, or love of comfort. These eat away the foliage and endanger the hope of abundant fruit; for self-love is opposed to the love of Mary.

We must keep away destructive animals, meaning all sins. By their touch alone they may kill the Tree of Life. Even their breath — venial sin committed without regret — is harmful.

We must water this Tree frequently with the fervor of piety, with prayers, with Confessions and Communions, with participation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Otherwise it may not bear fruit; or it may stop bearing.

If the Tree is moved and shaken by the wind, do not be alarmed. It is necessary that the storms of temptation should threaten to uproot it, that snow and ice should cover it. True Devotion will, of necessity be attacked and contradicted; but we need not fear, so long as we persevere in cultivating it in our souls.

Mary — Tree Of Life

If you do persevere, Chosen Soul, I assure you that the Tree will grow so tall, in a short time, that the birds of Heaven will come to dwell in it. It will be a good tree, yielding the fruits of honor and grace; namely, the sweet and adorable Jesus, Who always has been and always will be the only fruit of Mary!

Happy is the soul in which Mary, the Tree of Life, is planted. Happier is the soul in which she acquires growth and bloom. Still happier is the soul in which she yields her fruit.

But happiest of all is the soul that relishes and preserves Mary's Fruit until death, and for ever and ever. Amen.

"He who holdeth (this), let him hold (it)."
God Alone!

IN PAIN REJOICE

By Eleanor James

Brother Andre of the Oratory of Mount Royal, who is fast approaching the process of beatification, once said: "It is with the smallest brushes that the artist paints the most exquisitely beautiful pictures."

The Divine Artist uses the little ones of earth, those in pain and sorrow, those who are humble and who love, to paint the exquisitely delicate details of His divine plan.

Don't Waste Pain

Suffering is not a tragedy. The tragedy is that so much suffering is wasted. We treasure a gift by the giver, not by its value. When we grow in the knowledge and love of God we shall realize that every event in our lives, the sorrowful as well as the joyful, is a gift from God, Who loves us

with an infinite love. And we shall treasure that gift best by using it for the good of others!

What we do — and, in a greater degree, what we are — affects others for good or evil. Through suffering, willingly accepted — if not exactly received with joy — we shall purchase places in heaven for ourselves and others. The cost may be great. But the reward will be great also.

If we would reign with Christ we must suffer with Christ.

Yet, strange as it may seem, suffering WITH Christ, we shall know joy. We shall know peace. We shall come to understand that the cross is indeed "the shade of His hand outstretched caressingly."

Suffering and the cross are always hard to bear. All things are, if you let them become hard. Even the music of a brook's fresh waters can beat upon your ears in maddening monotony if you resent the sound. Surrender yourself to it and receive it as music. That is the beauty of the paradox of St. Francis of Assisi's prayer: "It is in giving that we receive."

Christ And Cross

Wherever the cross is, there is the Crucified, not visible but present nevertheless by His love and strength. He is the strong God, though crucified, the God of Love because He was crucified.

The problem of pain and suffering is insoluble unless we look to Christ, the Man of Sorrows. He took unto Himself the sorrows of all the world, and offered them, with His life, in ransom for the sins of men.

Man's gift to Christ was crucifixion and death. Christ's gift to men is redemption and life.

Suffering in a spirit of faith and love becomes a power. It saves us from being superficial; and we grow in strength and depth of character. It gives us an awareness, a keenness of perception without which we cannot fully grasp reality. Only when we have learned to suffer well may we hope to rejoice. Our sorrows "shall be turned into joy and our joy no man shall take from us."

Christ And Mary

Christ is the Man of Sorrows. Our Lady the Mother of Sorrows. The height and depth of her compassion for her Son were measured by the height and depth of her love for Him.

Christ, in giving us Mary, gave her a heart to understand and love us.

Yet think of this: She would have loved to clasp her dying Son to her heart as He hung upon the cross. But He let her arms go empty that He might receive us, might hold us! It was only in death, after He had said to her, "Behold thy Son," that He came to her arms again — thus sealing her timeless pact with His deathless love.

Mary is the Mother of Mercy. Her fingertips are tinged with the precious blood of her Son, and she diffuses its radiant glow over all the world. She is the Mediatrix of All Graces. She rejoices because she has shared His sufferings more fully and more intimately than all other creatures. It is to her we must turn in all pain and woe.

Dom Virgil Predicts New Spiritual Era

(This is the second and concluding chapter of Dom Virgil Michel and the liturgy — of the priest who did so much for Friendship House in its early days, and who wrote so many things that are worth repeating.)

The liturgy calls into operation the whole man with all his faculties — mind, will, body, senses, and emotions. Like a wise mother who knows man's nature, the church draws the whole natural context of man's life, and uses various resources and all the arts to penetrate the soul, to put it in touch with the divine redemptive action of Christ, to elicit wholehearted co-operation from man.

Thus she employs symbols, chant, art, music, poetry, color, rites, gestures, ceremonies, words, actions, vesture and edifice, the rhythm of the seasons, water, fire, fruits of the earth, etc. "Therein lies the power of the liturgy," Dom Virgil showed that "it addresses itself to the whole man."

It Lives The Truth

"It never moralizes without giving the intellectual reasons for the conduct to be followed; it never instructs without giving an inspiration to live the truths preached. Its appeal is not abstract but concrete, and is brought out in terms of past human achievement and present possibilities — it addresses and inspires the human person to a maximum of the Christ life both in regard to prayer and to the

service of God in the daily occupations and work."

And yet, Michel insisted, "the besetting sin of our Christian age has been a self-complacent apathy and inaction" reflected in non-participation. This indifference begins at the altar and continues in the lives of should-be apostles in the world.

The benefits of joining Christ wholeheartedly in His prayer and Sacrifice should be evident to all. Not only does the Church enshrine the best of Christian traditions in her official prayer, but she also speaks to God in the liturgy chiefly in His Own words. Active and intelligent participation is the most practical and most effective way, thought Fr. Virgil, to bring the Bible back to Scripture-starved Catholics, and what is more, this would mean a familiarity with God's Word according to the mind of the Church.

Another Restoration

Restore to the faithful their active role in the worship of God by the Mystical Body and you will likewise "restore to them their native right to a share in theological knowledge and understanding in place of relegating theology to an abstract science for experts." This will form an enlightened and zealous laity prepared for the cause of God in the market place. As they give themselves to God at Mass, so this personal and corporate self-dedication must continue between Mass and Mass, in serving God in neighbor.

"Participation in the liturgy naturally produces in us the consciousness of our union with sharers in the divine nature. It brings us into contact with the many-sided aspects of the life of Christ, with the rich inexhaustible content of His life, and thus manifests the rich possibilities of our life in Him."

End of Pagan Age

"It elevates our minds above the things of this earth and of self, broadens our spiritual outlook while deepening it, gives us a better sense of the truly beautiful and truly valuable, a better sense of unity with a sympathy for our fellow members of the body of Christ, a human family feeling for all mankind, and, being rooted in the wonderful condescension of God, a firmly founded optimism in regard to all the things that count in life."

In the 1920's Virgil Michel insisted we were at the end of an era and "in an age of transition that is questioning all its old beliefs and habits." A pagan and unnatural individualism had run its course. A reaction had set in. The world was moving toward a new unity. A sick world would find it in a life lived in, with, and for Christ, in the social solidarity of the Mystical Body. Or it would continue to tend toward an all-devouring, godless collectivism that snuffs out not only all spiritual values but even all human personality.

DEATH TO SELF IS NOT SUICIDE

By

Terry Richaud

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

Christ's voice reaches us over the centuries and because our hearts were made for Him we arise and follow Him. Through people, places, and things, He directs our paths to the way He will have us walk to Him. As He becomes real to us in our daily life through the Mass, prayers, meditation, and the Gospels we realize that He will have no compromise. He has given us our bodies that He may live in us. But we must invite Him in by denying ourselves to make room for Him. Slowly, by self-discipline and cheerful fidelity to our duties, the grains of wheat will die that they may become fruitful.

Light Through Us

As we meditate on Christ's Sermon on the Mount, we hear this command to His twelve apostles and the crowds seated on the mountainside: "You therefore are to be perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect." As He spoke that day, He must have pierced through the centuries, to see us, a strong army that would bear witness to Him by allowing His light to shine through us.

Christ was the Son of God, our Redeemer, and we realize that His words carry truth and life for us. His extraordinary demand for perfection must be taken seriously, as seriously as when He said: "Take and eat, This is My Body."

We have been commanded to be holy as Our Heavenly Father is holy. But how are we going to reach this perfection? The precept shows us that God asks of us a total love, "Love the Lord,

Thy God, with thy whole mind and with thy whole heart and with thy whole strength." But this total giving or surrender of ourselves to Him is not easily accomplished because of the consequences of original sin.

The Price Is High

To love totally will mean fighting always against our fallen nature, which is always demanding the comfort and satisfaction of its caprices without submitting to God's Divine Will. Mortification then, becomes the purchase price of Love. By using it we can reach perfection and secure happiness.

But this way of life will cost us many interior sacrifices and struggles, for "The Kingdom of Heaven has been enduring violent assaults and the violent have been seizing it by force." Following in Christ's steps with the Cross on our shoulders, in our minds, and in our hearts, will demand daily death to self.

St. Jerome has explained this dying to self, or mortification, in words we can understand. "We deny ourselves as often, as tramping under foot our past vices, we cease to be what we were and begin to be what we have not been before."

Too Much Self

The materialistic society of today has lost the sense of sin and neglected the need for mortification — and we have little if any knowledge of what mortification is.

Mortification is a Christian word and a Christian remedy. It is the treatment we must provide to strengthen our impaired nature to prevent it from dying to its Creator. We shall use it not to inflict pain but to cure the sickness at the center of our nature.

Unhealthy concentration on ourselves has weakened our minds and wills and they have become infected with neurosis, the sickness of our century. To have sound minds we shall have to heal them by controlling our will and our emotions. The self-love and self-will which has made our lives unhappy, confused, and fruitless, must be uprooted by self-discipline and self-denial. We must practice self-denial, and work to become whole, that our love may become complete.

Because our desires are disorderly they can cause havoc. They can cause us worry and unhappiness; but by much effort, vigilance, and self-discipline, we can bring order into this disorder. The control of our disorders and passions will demand sacrifices on our part. But Christ has said: "If your right hand scandalize thee, pluck it from thee." Without mortification, then, there can be no growth in our spiritual life. "Watch and pray," Christ teaches us, "that you enter not into temptation, the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak."

Comfortable? No!

Back of all Christ's teaching is His invitation to walk His way of love and become His companions. This cannot be a comfortable existence for, "The Son of Man has no where to lay His head." Slowly we must sever all attachments to earthly loves and things. The crosses He gives most of us are little — because we are little. But we can gather up the little splinters each day offers. Little disappointments, vexations, and hardships borne for love of Him will help us see with His mind. Our sorrows will draw us closer to His Heart. Our obedience to Him in our superiors will slash at our pride; and some day His Will will be our will.

"So let us gladly exchange the self-love and self-will for His Love."

"Why do you fear to take up the Cross when through it you can win a kingdom?"

Listen To This

"Take up your Cross and follow Jesus and you shall enter into eternal life. He Himself opened the way before you in carrying the Cross and upon it He died for you, that you too, might take up your Cross and long to die on it. If you die with Him you shall also live with Him, and if you share His sufferings you shall also share in His glory."

"Behold, in the Cross is everything; and upon your dying on the Cross everything depends. There is no other way to life and to true inward peace save the way of the holy cross and mortification. . . . How is it that you look for another way than this, the royal way of the holy cross?" (From The Imitation of Christ. Book II, Chap. 12.)

To be effective witnesses of Christ in the market place, we must allow our true selves, created in the image of God, to appear. To accomplish that we must be willing to let go of our self-centeredness, so that we may be free to accept and pass on to others Christ's gifts of peace, love and joy.

A Hitch-Hike Saga

By Louis Stoeckle

It is Sunday, August 5th, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. Mamie Legris, our director, has gone to Ontario for six weeks. Her office is at my disposal. It is a room six foot square, with one window facing out onto the street. It is cool this morning, maybe 50 above. Outside all is quiet. No birds are singing . . . for there are few in Whitehorse.

A Lazy Sunday

Even our population of dogs seems subdued today. At intervals, families are seen threading their ways around the puddles on the gravel streets. Obviously they are going to church. The window frames a multitude of cabin-like homes whose exteriors make one think of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, for they too have patches of many colors. Hardy weeds that thrive in gravel take the place of lawns.

In the background are the bluffs that enclose the city in a ring of dusty jack-pine. The sky is over-cast. In general, it is a day that lends itself to thoughts of people and places "outside." Thoughts of families and friends, of Madonna House and Marian Centre and of those who dwell therein. Only last month I was visiting with them.

On June 8th I was given five weeks vacation, just enough time to go to Ontario for a visit! A round trip of 8000 miles. In an hour arrangements were made for the first 900 miles. An airman in the process of being posted from Whitehorse to Germany would be glad to have another driver with him on the Alaska Highway. His car was a trim little English "Rover." We left Whitehorse at midnight.

It was chilly. Most of the larger lakes were still fringed with jagged blocks of ice. After 24 hours of continuous driving, we reached Dawson Creek, Mile "O" on the Alaska Highway. Then we parted company. Soon, I discovered that there were no accommodations in town. It was 2 a.m.

30,000 Empties

When the town awoke from slumber, I thanked the R.C.M.P. for their hospitality, and went to stay with the Redemptorist Fathers for two days. An obliging transport driver left word at the rectory that he would take me as far as Edmonton.

His cargo was 30,000 empty beer bottles. Previous rains made the 450 mile trip a long, slow affair. At one stretch of ten miles we had a bulldozer pulling us with a chain, and a heavy truck pushing us from behind.

In 24 hours we came to Edmonton and Marian Centre. What a joyous reunion! Marian Centre is a new foundation of Madonna House apostolate whose primary purpose is, at present, to feed the hungry . . . to feed men who are not welcome, perhaps anywhere else.

During my one day stop-over I began to formulate plans for the next 2500 miles, from Edmonton to Combermere. Hitch-hiking was foremost in my mind. (Transportation fares for Staff workers on vacation must be provided by friends and relatives, for we are poor, like those whom we have come to serve.)

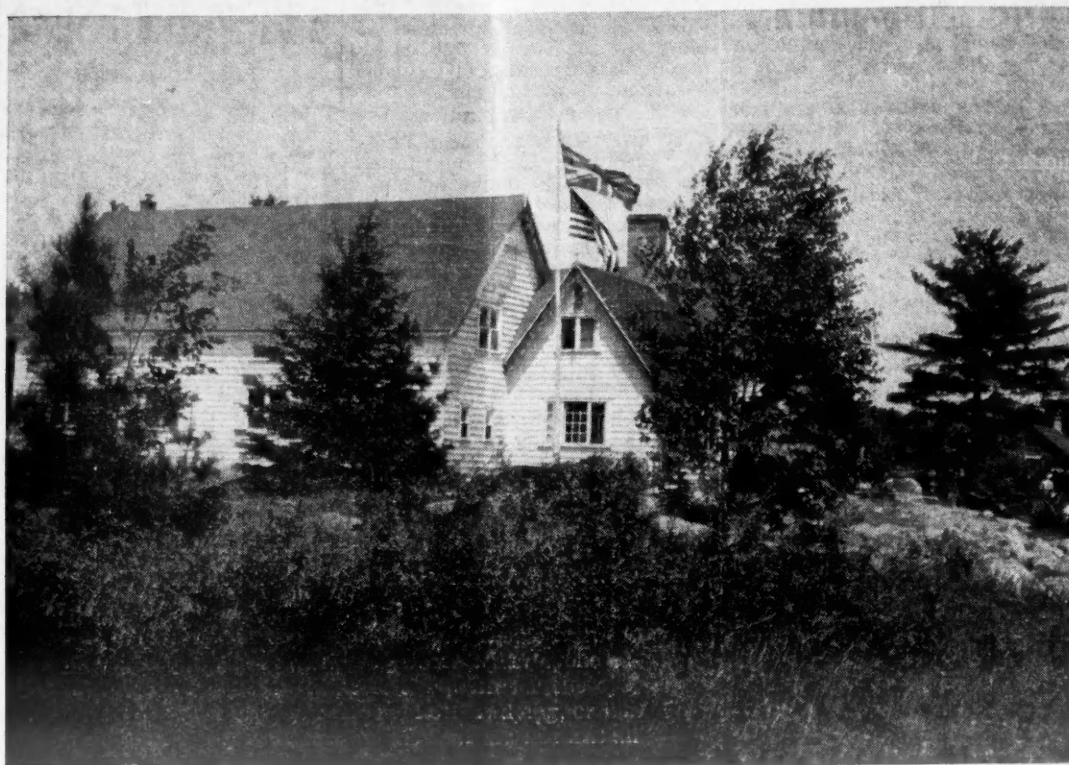
The next day, aboard the CNR Super Continental I thought much about the goodness of people. In particular, I thought of those who arranged for my train ticket to Combermere.

Now Father Charley

Many impressions flooded my mind during those first few days on the "outside" . . . television antennae, high pressure advertising, over-crowded cities, vast stretches of verdant farm lands — all those things that have come to play such an intimate part in our way of life, play a very minor role in the daily life of the Yukoner.

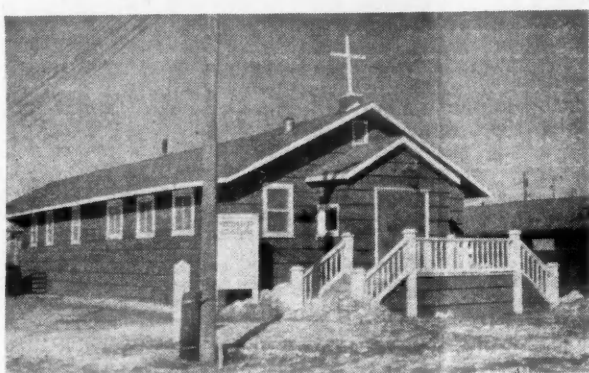
Ten unforgettable days at Madonna House . . . days in which to renew friendships (which is a weak expression) and to get to know the new staff workers. It was on May 8th, 1954, that Mamie Legris, Kathleen O'Herin and myself departed from Madonna House to begin our Foundation in the Yukon. How the Madonna House Apostolate has grown since . . . in age and grace before God and men! The Summer School had not yet begun, but there were already several guests who had decided to come early. It was especially good to see Charlie Conroy in that group. As a student, Charlie often made it a point to spend his vacation as a visiting volunteer at Madonna House. It was especially good to see him again, because now I could kneel for his blessing.

THIS IS MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT.



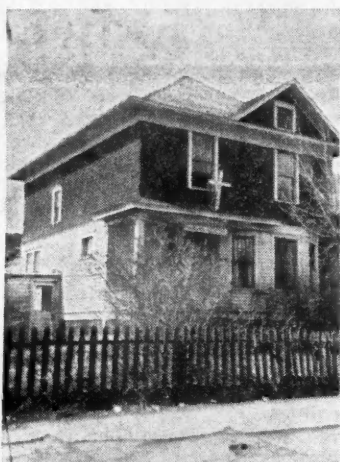
Training school for lay apostles, headquarters of the Summer School of Catholic Action, and "mother house" of the apostolate. The work here might be classed as "charity in the back bush."

THIS IS MARYHOUSE, WHITEHORSE, YUKON.



Here three staff workers help the O.M.I. missionaries, and work among the Indians.

AND THIS IS MARIAN CENTRE, EDMONTON, ALTA.



Here the principal work is feeding hundreds of unemployed men everyday and outfitting them with clothing and shoes—when we are able to beg clothes and shoes for them.

A LOVE LETTER TO

(Continued from Page One)

"Immaculate," I said aloud. It was then I realized I had been talking all morning to Our Lady, and to You! It was then I realized I had been walking with You and her on every trip into the woods! That explained why I was thrilled.

I remember some of the talks we had. I asked if Your Son had not sought souls even more zealously than I sought fungi—and if He did not feel sad when He discovered they were wholly or partly wormy. I asked if He were not pleased with the young men and women in Madonna House who want to serve Him in the lay apostolate—the saints in the making. And I started to ask what life here would be without You and without Mary—and what heaven was like before Our Lady went there.

The Mind of God

But I didn't ask that stupid question. I knew the answer. This is one of the mysteries theologians put into profound words for each other; and which we simple ones understand without being taught. I knew Our Lady was in Your mind through all eternity. Before You formed the world. Before You lit the morning star. Before You created the angels.

Therefore in a sense she was always in heaven, giving You

delight—and pleading for us, her children.

When I say "Your mind," God, I am merely using a human phrase. You know everything. You do not think. Only human beings think. The philosopher says, "I think; therefore I am." You know without thinking; therefore You are God. I think, therefore I am nothing!

When I speak of "Your mind" I think of Your will. You willed Our Lady. Therefore she was a joy to You, even aeons before she was born.

I knew all this, but only because You had told it to me. I learned it from You as we walked along, and dead limbs cracked under my feet, and blackberry brambles tore my hands and clothes. (What kind of thorns tore Your Son's brow, God?)

Immaculate

Two more perfect specimens were shown me by Your Spouse, Your Mother, Your daughter, Your perfect queen. How sweet their throats beneath my blade! There is a joy in the cutting, Lord, that comes only with firm round healthy young stems.

Suddenly I had the feeling that I had been interviewing You, and that I must continue to interview You all the rest of my life. You know the thrill I found in that—even though I was not, and still am not, sure that it is so.

I suspect Our Lady—who became my sole editor and owner when I became her slave—gave me this last and greatest assignment of my long life. That is why I am permitted to be near You, to walk with You, to talk to You, and to listen to You. A reporter must be near His subject.

I am Your subject, Lord; yet, it seems, You are also mine.

I cover God!

Help me, God. Let me come closer and closer every day. Let me love You more and more every minute of every day, that I may write of You more simply, more clearly, with more authority.

This, it seems, is why I must make love to You, and be loved by You, in the glare of the mid-day sun—that I may write of You in the public press.

It is a crime to say that love is blind. It is a monstrous lie. Nothing sees so clearly as true love. Lord, I implore You, let me love You truly. And not just a little. Let me love You deeply, extravagantly, completely—and as openly as You wish—that I may write about You, as my owner and editor seems to expect.

With all my love. Eddie.

St. Joseph the Workman

On Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 3, the Mass of St. Joseph the Workman, was offered for the first time in Canada and the U.S.A. This is the Mass first celebrated on May day in Rome this year to "Christianize" Labor Day. The feast was changed from May day to Labor Day at the request of North American bishops.

IN HIS NAME

India... the Province of Assam... a vast vineyard of Christ... thousands and thousands of miles of it... and ONLY a hundred priests for all of it... among them St. John Bosco walks in his sons.

They need money... Mass Intentions... Help for their littleness in all this vastness. Will you send them an offering? M. UGUET S. D. B. SALESIAN PROVINCE OF NORTHERN INDIA... 15 PORTUGUESE CHURCH STR., CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Have you a heart to give? A soul to set on fire? A life to throw at Christ's feet with a song? Then go... via a letter... to FATHER ALEXANDER KORTE OBAND, PRIOR, SAINT MAUR'S PRIORY, SOUTH UNION, KENTUCKY... AND OFFER YOUR HEART... KINDLE YOUR SOUL... THROW YOUR LIFE AT CHRIST'S FEET. He is waiting for you there... to serve Him in an INTER-RACIAL BENEDICTINE VOCATION.

Knowledge, Life, Love

By Jeannette Edissi

Man, composed of heart and soul, Directed from above, Strives to learn the hidden truths

Of knowledge, life, and love. A life where hovering veils of death,

Will not invade its course. A love engrossed in faith and hope,

With God to form its source. Yet in his search, the path is rough,

He stumbles, falls, and cries—'Oh grant that I may soon attain, My goal before Thine eyes!'

Recalling Your great sacrifice, when Fettered on a tree; I see You cast Your glance my way, and

Slowly beckon me; No words, nor action can express, The sentiments I hold,

As life, and love, and knowledge, Within my heart enfold.

For only with Your tenderness, and Guidance from above—

Shall I one day proclaim myself, A captive of Your love.

THE VOICE OF PETER

Excerpts from the encyclical "Haurietis Aquas" issued by Pope Pius XII on May 15, 1956, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the extension of the feast of the Sacred Heart to the entire Church.

"... We rightly see in this devotion, which everywhere grows more fervent, the inestimable gift which the Incarnate Word, our Divine Savior, as the sole Mediator of grace and truth between the Heavenly Father and the human race, gave to the Church, His mystical bride, in recent times so that she could endure great trials and surmount difficulties."

"... Divine love has its origin in the Holy Ghost, who is the Personified love both of the Father and the Son in the bosom of the August Trinity... The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who has been given to us" (Rom. 5, 5).

"This intimate bond which, according to Sacred Scripture, exists between the divine charity that must burn in the souls of the faithful and the Holy Ghost, clearly shows to all, venerable brothers, the real nature of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. For it is perfectly clear that this devotion, if we examine its proper nature, is the highest act of religion."

"It demands the full and absolute determination of surrendering and consecrating oneself to the love of the Divine Redeemer. The wounded heart of the Savior is the living sign and symbol of that love. It is likewise clear, even to a greater degree, that this devotion especially declares that we must repay divine love with our own love..."

Why Church Adores Sacred Heart

"The first reason, which also applies to the rest of the members of the most holy body of Jesus Christ, rests on the teaching by which we know that His Heart, as the noblest part of human nature, is hypostatistically united to the Person of the Divine Word and must therefore be adored in the same way in which the Church adores the Person of the Incarnate Son of God..."

"The second reason, which refers especially to the Heart of the Divine Redeemer and in a special manner demands adoration, stems from the fact that His Heart, more than all the rest of the members of His body, is the natural sign and symbol of His boundless love for the human race..."

Sacred Heart Symbol of Love

"... The heart of the Incarnate Word is rightly considered the chief index and symbol of the threefold love with which the Divine Redeemer continually loves the Eternal Father and the whole human race. It is the symbol of that divine love which He shares with the Father and the Holy Ghost, but which in Him alone, in the Word namely that was made Flesh, is manifested to us through His mortal human body, since in Him dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily" (Col. 2, 9).

"It is moreover the symbol of that most ardent love which, infused into His soul, sanctifies the human will of Christ and whose action is enlightened and directed by a twofold most perfect knowledge, namely the beatific and the infused (Cfr. Summa Theologica, 3, q-9, a. 1-3)."

"Finally, in a more direct and natural manner, it is a symbol also of natural love, since the body of Jesus Christ, formed through the operation of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary, has a most perfect capacity for feeling and perception, much more than the bodies of all other men. (Cfr. Ibid. 3, q. 33, a. 2, ad 3m)."

"Since Scripture and the teachings of the Catholic Faith affirm that there is the highest possible harmony and agreement in the Most Holy Soul of Jesus Christ, and that He clearly directed His threefold love to accomplish our redemption, it is therefore obvious that we can most correctly consider and venerate the Heart of the Divine Redeemer as signifying the image of His love, the proof of our redemption and the mystical ladder by which we climb to the embrace of 'God our Savior' (Tit. 3, 4)."

His Actions Prove His Love

"Wherefore His words, actions, teachings, miracles, and in particular those deeds which more clearly testify this love for us—the institution of the Holy Eu-

charist, His most bitter passion and death, His Most Holy Mother whom He lovingly gave to us, the founding of the Church and the sending of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles and upon us—all these we must regard as proofs of His threefold love for us."

"In like manner we must lovingly meditate on the pulsations of His Most Sacred Heart by which, so to say, He Himself kept on measuring the time of His sojourn on earth up to the last moment when, as the evangelists testify, 'crying out in a loud voice 'It is consummated,' and, bowing His head, He gave up His spirit.' (Mt. 27, 50; Jn. 19, 30)."

"Then the beating of His heart stopped, and His sensible love was interrupted until He arose from the tomb in triumph over death."

"But after His glorified body was again united to the soul of the Divine Redeemer, the Conqueror of death, His Most Sacred Heart never ceased, and never will cease, to beat with imperturbable and calm pulsation. It will likewise never cease to signify His threefold love by which the Son of God is bound to His heavenly Father and the whole human race, of which He is by perfect right the mystical Head..."

Urgent Plea To Practise This Devotion

"Devotion to the Most Sacred Heart is so important that it may be considered, so far as practice is concerned, the perfect profession of the Christian religion..."

"We therefore urge all Our sons in Christ to eagerly cherish this devotion, both those who already are accustomed to draw salutary waters from the Heart of the Redeemer, and especially those who, in the idle manner of spectators, look on from a distance with misgivings."

The Sacred Heart and The Heart of Mary

"That graces for the Christian family and for the whole human race may flow more abundantly from devotion to the Sacred Heart, let the faithful strive to join it closely with devotion to the Immaculate Heart of the Mother of God."

"By the will of God, the Most Blessed Virgin Mary was inseparably joined with Christ in accomplishing the work of man's redemption, so that our salvation flows from the love of Jesus Christ and His sufferings, intimately united with the love and sorrows of His mother."

"It is, then, highly fitting that after due homage has been paid to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Christian people who have obtained divine life from Christ through Mary, manifest similar piety and the love of their grateful souls for the most loving heart of our heavenly Mother."

"... it is Our fervent desire, venerable brothers, that this centenary be solemnly celebrated by the faithful everywhere with public acts of adoration, thanksgiving and reparation to the Divine Heart of Jesus..."

What Passion This?

By Robert Pelton

What love is this, Lord, which asks love's end?

Which asks that dreams long dreamt in fireside's peace,

Or in passion's fire, must die, must not bend

The will, and even in black nights must cease?

Not asks, Lord, demands; that gray wind-washed days

When even senseless trees naked stand swept

Bare by rain-full wrenching storms be not ways

To tempt thought, then will to-ward desires that slept,

Long hid, in secret. What passion, this, Lord,

Which grows with deep-down driving pain, which leapt

From willing, not wanting, which can afford

No rival, and consumes, never sated,

'Til, my arms stretched wide to embrace love's sword,

Wholly consuming, is consummated?

I HAD A PROBLEM

(Continued from Page One)

while admiring their beauty was also, it seems, estimating their value as lumber. Wasn't he a carpenter? And once a carpenter, always a carpenter.

Anyhow, St. Goupil and Joseph talked things over. Now when it is a question of building, especially of wood, (like our men's building is going to be), there isn't a better man than St. Joseph in heaven or on earth to talk things over with.

St. Goupil explained to the great carpenter that we were poor little lay apostles whom Mary, St. Joseph's wife, was sending many vocations and whom bishops were asking for many foundations, and to whom MONEY was utterly lacking. We had to build a house to house the vocations that we had to train for the bishops. But what were we going to build it with? (It sounded complex, but it seems St. Joseph got the gist of the idea quite easily.)

Come In, St. Joseph

At this point St. Goupil told me, he had a brilliant idea. Why not ask St. Joseph to lend HIS AUGUST NAME TO THE BURSE? Did he have many devotees and friends and petitioners? Of course he did. So, St. Goupil went on explaining to me, he up and asked St. Joseph—just like that—would he mind if we made it the St. Joseph - St. Goupil Burse?

St. Joseph, it develops, did not mind at all. Just as St. Goupil was going to let me know the glorious news, who came to join them? St. Anthony—who was returning from the heavenly lily-garden he so lovingly tends for recreation. Joyously St. Goupil stopped him and retold the story of our need of CASH and of the kindness of St. Joseph in lending his name for the St. Goupil burse.

St. Anthony got quite interested. He told St. Goupil he knew our Apostolate quite well—for there were quite a few tertiaryaries of St. Francis among us. There were also many of the young ones at Madonna House who were forever losing tools, aprons, keys, and other things, and forever calling on him to help them find them. Indeed, he said, he was familiar with the place. And it was certain the men could do with a new building. Not that their present one was O.K. It could not be poorer, even if St. Francis himself lived in it. It was not that. It was the lack of space that made a new building essential.

You Too, St. Anthony

Being the simple saint that he is, St. Anthony also offered his services to St. Goupil saying he would be glad to do anything he could to help raise those SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS we needed.

St. Goupil felt very happy, he confessed, as the whole thing had begun to weigh heavily on his mind. So he asked St. Anthony if he would consent to be on THE BURSE TOO.

St. Anthony said, "Sure." He would be glad, he said, to remind all his earthly friends to send little and big donations to us. It was, he thoughtfully added, just a matter of "stirring up hearts" which loosened the pocket books. St. Joseph nodded wisely at that remark, and St. Goupil concurred, adding that money was only a token of love and friendship and understanding... and THAT WAS INDEED LODGED IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

I confess I had a problem... no question about that... until St. Goupil came with all his good news. Now I am problem-less... for St. Goupil's burse, at his own request, is now called ST. JOSEPH - ST. ANTHONY - ST. GOUPIL. (He insisted he have the last place.) I guess saints are like that.

Anyhow, our vitally, urgently needed MONEY RAISING PROJECT FOR THAT MEN'S HOUSE is now in the capable hands of three powerful saints. Surely cash just must begin to roll in. They have too many friends, these powerful three, for it to fail to arrive.

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